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HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A HUNDRED MILLION STRONG

A WAR SONG FOR THE NATION

WORDS BY

Rev. Andrew F. Underhill

MUSIC BY

Robert E. S. Olmsted

.50

BOSTON
C.W. THOMPSON & CO.

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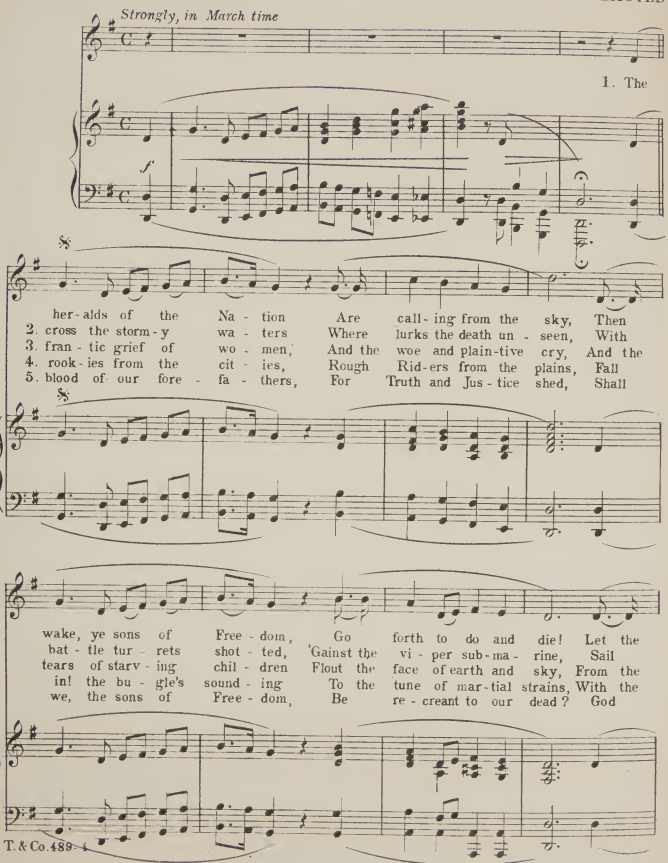
Strongly, in March time
1. The
her-alds of the Na - tion Are call-ing from the sky, Then
2. cross the storm-y wa - ters Where lurks the death un - seen, With
3. fran - tic grief of wo - men, And the woe and plain-tive cry, And the
4. rook-ies from the cit - ies, Rough Rid-ers from the plains, Fall
5. blood of our fore - fa - thers, For Truth and Jus - tice shed, Shall
wake, ye sons of Free - dom, Go forth to do and die! Let the
bat - tle tur - rets shot - ted, 'Gainst the vi - per sub-ma - rine, Sail
tears of starv - ing chil - dren Flout the face of earth and sky, From the
in! the bu - gle's sound - ing To the tune of mar-tial strains, With the
we, the sons of Free - dom, Be re - creant to our dead? God

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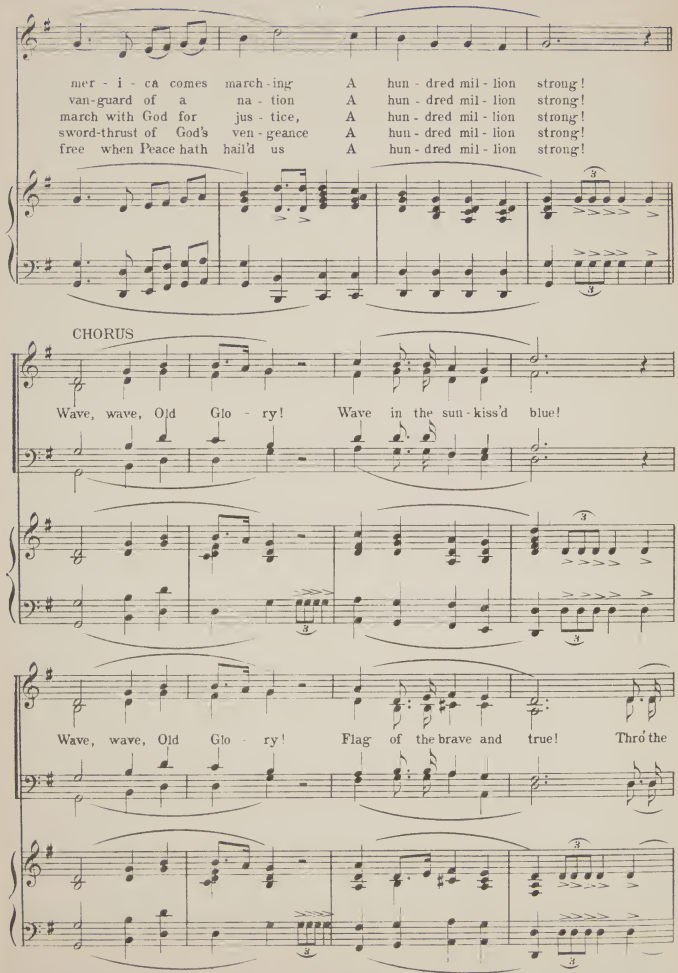
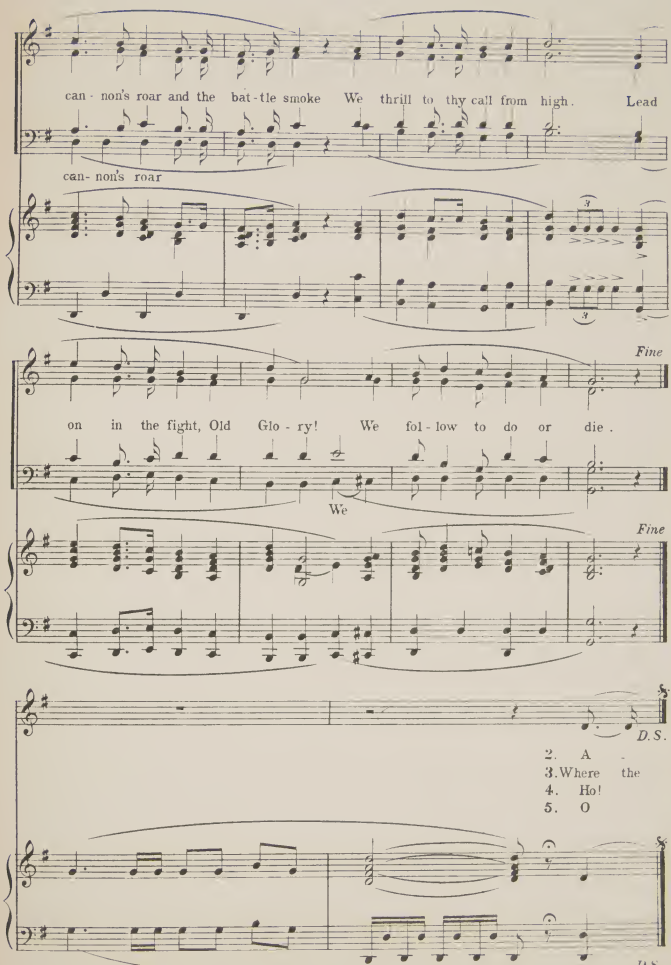
cow - ard cringe and fal - ter, A - rouse ye, men of might! The
true, O ships! God speed us To the black-en'd wil - der - ness Where the
Bel - gian plain of hor - ror, From the cav - erns of the deep Hark! the
Tom - mies of old Eng - land And the Poi - lus of fair France We'll
guard us and sus - tain us Till the bat - tle day be won! God
bat - tle line is form - ing In the strug-gle for the right! Fling
peo - ples free are fight - ing In the throes of their dis - tress, Till our
voi - ces sad and bro - ken Of the lost ones wail and weep! Shall we
man the front line trench - es Till with them we get our chance. And its
give us thews of i - ron Till we've crush'd the cru - el Hun, And the
out the flag, the Stars and Stripes, That nev - er serv'd the wrong! A -
shoul - ders touch their shoul - ders In arms a-gainst the wrong, The
stay our hand to spare them, The Huns that did the wrong? No! we'll
bul - let, bomb, and shrap - nel For the Huns that did the wrong, And the
peo - ples sad and bleed - ing Who've suf - fer'd from his wrong Stand


mer - i - ca comes march - ing A hun - dred mil - lion strong!
van-guard of a na - tion A hun - dred mil - lion strong!
march with God for jus - tice, A hun - dred mil - lion strong!
sword-thrust of God's ven - geance A hun - dred mil - lion strong!
free when Peace hath hail'd us A hun - dred mil - lion strong!
CHORUS
Wave, wave, Old Glo - ry! Wave in the sun - kiss'd blue!
Wave, wave, Old Glo - ry! Flag of the brave and true! Thro' the


can - non's roar and the bat - tle smoke We thrill to thy call from high. Lead
can - non's roar
Fine
on in the fight, Old Glo - ry! We fol - low to do or die.
We
Fine
D.S.
2. A -
3. Where the
4. Ho!
5. O
D.S.

Mixed Voices

Octavo

L.S.THOMPSON.	Summer		.15
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YES—LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL		Wallace - Brackett	.12

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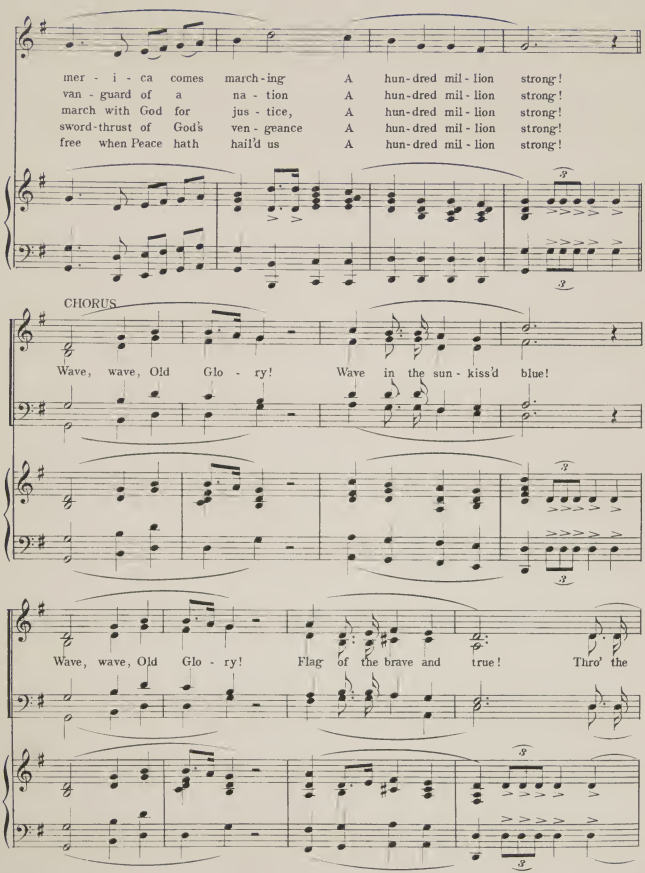
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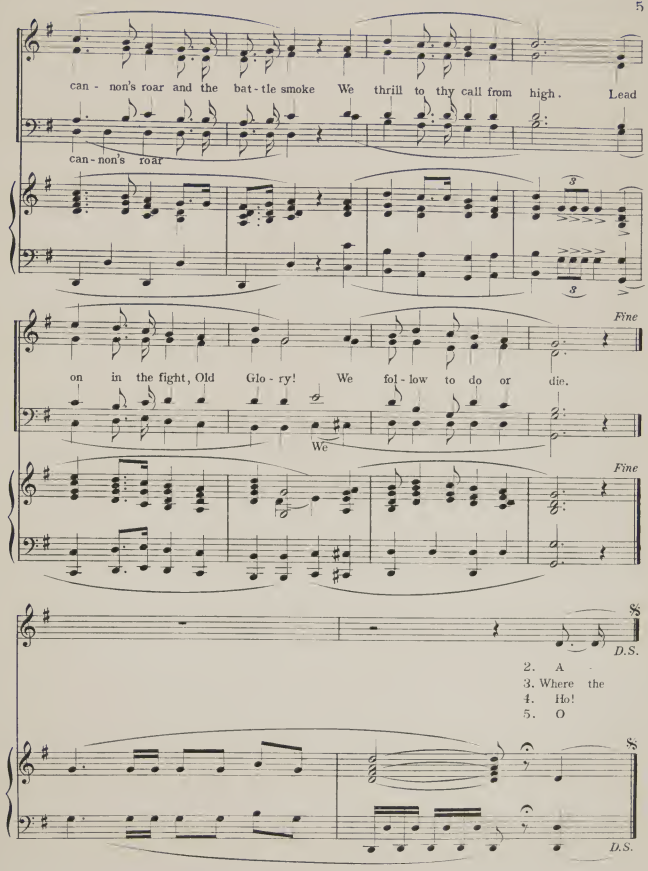
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D.S.
2. A
3. Where the
4. Ho!
5. O
D.S.

ARISE - AMERICA

GEO. W. HAYFORD

Moderately
PIANO
f
mf Tempo: At discretion of singer. Words to be as much recited as sung
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a myr - i - ad of camps; They have
3. I have heard Him in the rumb - ling of the can - non in the fight; In the
mf
strongly marked
ritard
trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He is call - ing all His children, and He
build - ed Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damps; He is call - ing to His free - men, and He
fight - ing of a people 'gainst op - pressions aw - ful might; He is call - ing out in thunder, and He
ritard
ff
calls O land to thee "A - rise! if ye'u be free."
calls O land to thee "A - rise! if free ye'd be."
thun - ders out to thee "A - MER - I - CA! to me."
A -
A -
We
ff

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